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# Forever Stuck

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## Chapter 1 by -

I am stuck in another world... A strange world. The people here are mostly warriors. They are dressed in tight black pants, white tank tops and a hard black bullet proof chest piece.

There are five main divisions. Each one specializing in specific weapon training. Machine guns, bow and arrows, throwing knifes, swords, and hands on fighting.

I wonder why the heck they spend their lives like this. I wonder who their enemy is. I wonder if I should show them my skills.

Besides, I may be here for a while. I have no idea how to get out of this world. I start walking towards division one. Everyone stops what they're doing and stares at me. A big girl with a tattoo of two rams fighting on her upper arm steps up to me. She is much taller than me.

"Welcome!" She greets me in a deep voice. Smiles at the others, and knocks me out...

## Chapter 2 by TheProfessor



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around me. I pull some coins from my pocket and drop them on the floor. Most of them are falling around me as I stand there.

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the tattooed woman is standing at the far end of the room holding an apple and a machine gun, and as I rise I realize the room begins to circle around us in their hushed reverence. It becomes clear she is their leader.

Tossing me the apple she tells me, "It's time to initiate this runt!" and the room bellows with laughter. she points to her head and i know exactly what she wants me to do. I unwittingly raise the apple and begin to place it on my head, it starts to roll off and as it falls past my ear she whips up the assault rifle and fires a single shot. the apple disintegrates beside my head sending chunks into my ear and all over my face.

Once i catch my breath and the laughter dies down another apple is brought out. I reach for it to place it on my head again but the room laughs even louder.

"This one aint for you runt." the tattooed lady says as she grabs it. She then places it on her head and hands me the gun.

"take your best shot kid."

### Chapter 3 by Loghan.B



She puts the apple on her head and walks to the other side of the room. She says " Don't miss ". I grab the gun and aim my hands are shaking just wandering about what the people will do to me if i miss. One of the gaurds say " Take your shot kid ". I fire. The bullet hits the apple dead center. Everyone in the room gasped. " Good job runt, Said the tattooed lady, welcome to divsion 1."

### Chapter 4 by clearskyy



I stared with complete disbelief, one that I had managed to make perhaps one of the most important shots of my life, and two that our leader had fearlessly let me shoot at her.

"I had faith. Well faith and a metal plate in my forehead."

"You have a plate in your head? Were you shot before?"

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"He looks a little too clean and green for my taste, boys what do you say we get started with round 2 of initiation." A group of guys get up and begin walking towards me, some stretching others cracking their knuckles. "No teeth, bare knuckles only, we want to see what he's made of, not paint the floor with his entrails."

Before I knew it there was a circle of Division 1s around me with one of them staring me straight in the eyes, his hands up and a cocky smile on his face. With my arms still shaking I took my stance and waited for him to close in on me. He swung a straight with his right and I dodged left and landed a solid body blow that made him wince and move his left arm down while leaning to that side, I jumped up and landed an elbow across his jaw and he dropped like a stack of bricks. This victory would be short lived as an arm wrapped around my throat and slammed me into the ground. I was picked up and tossed back towards my aggressor who wasted no time landing a hook to my face. Taking a few steps back I had to get a handle on this situation before I blacked out. Bringing my hands back up I could see my second attacker running towards me, as he lunged I side stepped, grabbed his arm, kicked his foot out and used his own momentum to slam his face straight into the ground.

"Not too bad kid, but I think you've had a little too much fun." By the time I had turned my head to look at the lieutenant addressing me he had taken the steps he needed to get close enough to land a kick to the side of my head.

You had to admire perfect execution, I never saw it coming. Then again that's exactly how Division 1 operates.

## Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8

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